

*Pro.* I likewise heare that *Valentine* is dead,  
*Sil.* And so suppose am I; for in her graue  
 Assure thy selfe, my loue is buried.  
*Pro.* Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the earth.  
*Sil.* Goe to thy Ladies graue and call hers thence,  
 Or at the least, in hers, sepulcher thine.  
*Jul.* He heard not that.  
*Pro.* Madam: if your heart be so obdurate:  
 Vouchsafe me yet your Picture for my loue,  
 The Picture that is hanging in your chamber:  
 To that ile speake, to that ile sigh and weep:  
 For since the substance of your perfect selfe  
 Is else deuoted, I am but a shadow;  
 And to your shadow, will I make true loue.  
*Jul.* If 'twere a substance you would sure deceiue it,  
 And make it but a shadow, as I am.  
*Sil.* I am very loath to be your Idoll Sir;  
 But, since your falsehood shall become you well,  
 To worship shadowes, and adore false shapes;  
 Send to me in the morning, and ile send it:  
 And so, good rest.  
*Pro.* As wretches haue ore night  
 That wait for execution in the morne.  
*Jul.* Heff, will you goe?  
*Ho.* By my hallidome, I was fast asleepe.  
*Jul.* Pray you, where lies *Sir Prohemus*?  
*Ho.* Marry, at my house:  
 Trust me, I thinke 'tis almost day.  
*Jul.* Not so: but it hath bin the longest night  
 That ere I watch'd, and the most heauieit.

## Scena Tertia.

Enter *Eglamour*, *Silvia*.

*Eg.* This is the houre that *Madam Silvia*  
 Entreated me to call, and know her minde:  
 Ther's some great matter she'd employ me in.  
*Madam, Madam.*  
*Sil.* Who calls?  
*Eg.* Your seruant, and your friend;  
 One that attends your Ladiships command.  
*Sil.* *Sir Eglamour*, a thousand times good morrow.  
*Eg.* As many (worthy Lady) to your selfe:  
 According to your Ladiships impose,  
 I am thus early come, to know what seruice  
 It is your pleasure to command me in.  
*Sil.* Oh *Eglamour*, thou art a Gentleman:  
 Thinke not I flatter (for I sweare I doe not)  
 Valiant, wise, remorsefull, well accomplish'd,  
 Thou art not ignorant what deere good will  
 I beare vnto the banish'd *Valentine*:  
 Nor how my father would enforce me marry  
 Vaine *Thurio* (whom my very soule abhor'd.)  
 Thy selfe hast lou'd, and I haue heard thee say  
 No griefe did euer come so neere thy heart;  
 As when thy Lady, and thy true-loue dide,  
 Vpon whose Graue thou vow'dst pure chastitie:  
*Sir Eglamour*: I would to *Valentine*  
 To *Mantua*, where I heare, he makes abroad;  
 And for the waies are dangerous to passe,  
 I doe desire thy worthy company,

Vpon whose faith and honor, I repose,  
 Vnge nor my fathers anger (*Eglamour*)  
 But thinke vpon my griefe (a Ladies griefe)  
 And on the iustice of my flying hence,  
 To keepe me from a most vnholly match,  
 Which heauen and fortune still rewards with plagues,  
 I doe desire thee, euen from a heare  
 As full of sorrowes, as the Sea of sands,  
 To beare me company, and goe with me  
 If not, to hide what I haue said to thee,  
 That I may venture to depart alone.  
*Egl.* Madam, I pittie much your grieuances,  
 Which, since I know, they vertuously are plac'd,  
 I giue consent to goe along with you,  
 Wreaking as little what betideth me,  
 As much, I wish all good befotune you.  
 When will you goe?  
*Sil.* This euening coming.  
*Eg.* Where shall I meeete you?  
*Sil.* At *Frier Patrickes* Cell,  
 Where I intend holy Confession.  
*Eg.* I will not faile your Ladiship:  
 Good morrow (gentle Lady.)  
*Sil.* Good morrow, kinde *Sir Eglamour*. Exit.

## Scena Quarta.

Enter *Launce*, *Prohemus*, *Julia*, *Silvia*.

*La.* When a mans seruant shall play the Cur with  
 him (looke you) it goes hard: one that I brought vp of  
 a puppy: one that I sau'd from drowning, when three or  
 foure of his blinde brothers and sisters went to it: I haue  
 taught him (euen as one would say precisely, thus I  
 would teach a dog) I was sent to deliuer him, as a pre-  
 sent to *Mistress Silvia*, from my Master; and I came no  
 sooner into the dyning-chamber, but he steps me to her  
 Trencher, and steales her Capons-leg: O, 'tis a foule  
 thing, when a Cur cannot keepe himselfe in all compa-  
 nies: I would haue (as one should say) one that takes vp-  
 on him to be a dog indeede, to be, as it were, a dog at all  
 things. If I had not had more wit then he, to take a fault  
 vpon me that he did, I thinke verily hee had bin hang'd  
 for't: sure as I liue he had suffer'd for't: you shall iudge:  
 Hee thrusts me himselfe into the company of three or  
 foure gentleman-like-dogs, vnder the Dukes table: hee  
 had not bin there (blesse the marke) a pissing while, but  
 all the chamber smelt him: out with the dog (saies one)  
 what cur is that (saies another) whip him out (saies the  
 third) hang him vp (saies the Duke.) I hauing bin ac-  
 quainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and  
 goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges: friend  
 (quoth I) you meane to whip the dog: I marry doe I  
 (quoth he) you doe him the more wrong (quoth I) 'twas  
 I did the thing you wot of: he makes me no more adoe,  
 but whips me out of the chamber: how many Masters  
 would doe this for his Seruant? nay, ile be sworne I haue  
 sat in the stocks, for puddings he hath stolne, otherwise  
 he had bin executed: I haue stood on the Pillorie for  
 Geese he hath kil'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't: thou  
 thinkest not of this now: nay, I remember the tricke you  
 seru'd me, when I tooke my leaue of *Madam Silvia*: did  
 not

not I bid thee still marke me, and doe as I do; when didst  
 thou see me heaue vp my leg, and make water against a  
 Gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou euer see me doe  
 such a tricke?  
*Pro.* *Sebastian* is thy name: I like thee well,  
 And will imploy thee in some seruice presently.  
*In.* In what you please, ile doe what I can.  
*Pro.* I hope thou wilt.  
 How now you whor-son pezzant,  
 Where haue you bin these two dayes loytering?  
*La.* Marry Sir, I carried *Mistress Silvia* the dogge you  
 bad me.  
*Pro.* And what saies she to my little Jewell?  
*La.* Marry she saies your dog was a cur, and tels you  
 currish thanks is good enough for such a present.  
*Pro.* But she recei'd my dog?  
*La.* No indeede did she not:  
 Here haue I brought him backe againe.  
*Pro.* What didst thou offer her this from me?  
*La.* I Sir, the other Squirrill was stolne from me  
 By the Hangmans boyes in the market place,  
 And then I offer'd her mine owne, who is a dog  
 As big as ten of yours, & therefore the gift the greater.  
*Pro.* Goe, get thee hence, and finde my dog againe,  
 Or nere returne againe into my sight.  
*Pro.* Away, I say: stayest thou to vex me here;  
 A Slaue, that still an end, turnes me to shame:  
*Sebastian*, I haue entertain'd thee,  
 Partly that I haue neede of such a youth,  
 That can with some discretion doe my businesse:  
 For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish Low;  
 But chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour,  
 Which (if my Augury deceiue me not)  
 Witnesse good bringing vp, fortune, and truth:  
 Therefore know thee, for this I entertaine thee.  
 Go presently, and take this Ring with thee,  
 Deliuer it to *Madam Silvia*:  
 She lou'd me well, deliuer'd it to me.  
*Jul.* It seemes you lou'd not her, not leaue her token:  
 She is dead beke?  
*Pro.* Not so: I thinke she liues.  
*Jul.* Alas.  
*Pro.* Why do'st thou cry alas?  
*Jul.* I cannot choose but pittie her.  
*Pro.* Wherefore should'st thou pittie her?  
*Jul.* Because, methinkes that she lou'd you as well:  
 As you doe loue your Lady *Silvia*:  
 She dreames on him, that has forgot her loue;  
 You doate on her, that cares not for your loue.  
 'Tis pittie Loue, should be so contrary:  
 And thinking on it, makes me cry alas.  
*Pro.* Well: giue her that Ring, and therewithall  
 This Letter that's her chamber: Tell my Lady,  
 I claime the promise for her heavenly Picture:  
 Your message done, hie home vnto my chamber,  
 Where thou shalt finde me sad, and solitarie.  
*Jul.* How many women would doe such a message?  
 Alas poore *Prohemus*, thou hast entertain'd a fool:  
 A Foxe, to be the Shepheard of thy Lambs;  
 Alas, poore foole, why doe I pittie him  
 That with his very heart despiseth me?  
 Because he loues her, he despiseth me,  
 Because I loue him, I must pittie him.  
 This Ring I gaue him, when he parted from me,  
 To binde him to remember my good will:  
 And now am I (vnhappy Messenger)

To plead for that, which I  
 To carry that, which I wou  
 To praise his faith, which I  
 I am my Masters true confid  
 But cannot be true seruant t  
 Vnlesse I proue false traitor  
 Yet will I woe for him, but  
 As (heauen it knowes) I wo  
 Gentlewoman, good day: I  
 To bring me where to speake  
*Sil.* What would you wi  
*Jul.* If you be she, I doe i  
 To heare me speake the mess  
*Sil.* From whom?  
*Jul.* From my Master, *Sir*  
*Sil.* Oh: he sends you for  
*Jul.* I, Madam.  
*Sil.* *Virgula*, bring my Pic  
 Goe, giue your Master this:  
 One *Julia*, that his changing  
 Would better fit his Chamb  
*Jul.* Madam, please you p  
 Pardon me (Madam) I haue  
 Deliuer'd you a paper that I  
 This is the Letter to your La  
*Sil.* I pray thee let me loo  
*Jul.* It may not be: good  
*Sil.* There, hold:  
 I will not looke vpon your M  
 I know they are stuf with pr  
 And full of new-found oathe  
 As easily as I doe teare his pa  
*Sil.* The more shame for  
 For I haue heard him say a th  
 His *Julia* gaue it him, at his d  
 Though his false finger haue  
 Mine shall not doe his *Julia* s  
*Jul.* She thanks you.  
*Sil.* What saidst thou?  
*Jul.* I thanke you Madam  
 Poore Gentlewoman, my Ma  
*Sil.* Do'st thou know her  
*Jul.* Almost as well as I doe  
 To thinke vpon her woes, I d  
 That I haue wept a hundred t  
*Sil.* Belike she thinks tha  
*Jul.* I thinke she doth: and  
*Sil.* Is she not passing faire  
*Jul.* She hath bin fairer (M  
 When she did thinke my Mas  
 She, in my iudgement, was as  
 But since she did neglect her l  
 And threw her Sun-expelling  
 The ayre hath staru'd the rose  
 And pinch'd the lilly-tincture  
 That now she is become as bl  
*Sil.* How tall was she?  
*Jul.* About my stature: f  
 When all our Pageants of del  
 Our youth got me to play the  
 And I was trim'd in *Madam's*  
 Which seru'd me as fit, by all  
 As if the garment had bin ma  
 Therefore I know she is abou  
 And at that time I made her w